

NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT,
PROPRIETOR.

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AMUSEMENTS THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE, Twenty-third and Eighth
av.—Reopen the Clock. Matinee at 1½.NIRLO'S GARDEN, Broadway, between Prince and
Houston streets.—Lido and Lotos. Matinee at 1½.UNION SQUARE THEATRE, Broadway, between
Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets.—London Assurance.FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, Twenty-fourth street—
New York's Eve. Matinee at 1½.WALLACK'S THEATRE, Broadway and Thirteenth
street.—Bourgeois King. Matinee at 1½.THEATRE COMIQUE, 514 Broadway.—Africa; or,
Livingstone and Stanley. Matinee at 2.BOOTH'S THEATRE, Twenty-third street, corner Sixth
avenue.—Henry Dunsen.OLYMPIA THEATRE, Broadway, between Houston
and Bleecker sts.—Les Ombres. Matinee at 2.BOWERY THEATRE, Bowery.—Bonnie Fishwife
Harris, the Hunter. Matinee at 2.WOOD'S THEATRE, Broadway, corner Thirtieth and
Bleecker sts.—The Merry Widow. Matinee at 2.GERMANIA THEATRE, Fourteenth street, near Third
av.—Das Stuckenger. Matinee at 2.STADT THEATRE, Nos. 45 and 47 Bowery.—Opera—
Robert the Devil.MR. F. B. CONWAY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE.—
Ratons. Ac. Matinee at 2.BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Montague street—
Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady, Ac.BRYANT'S OPERA HOUSE, Twenty-third st., corner
Sixth av.—Negro Minstrelsy, Ecce Homo, Ac. Matinee.ATHENEUM, No. 555 Broadway.—Splendid Variety
of Novelties. Matinee at 2.CANTERBURY VARIETY THEATRE, Broadway, be-
tween Bleecker and Houston.—Variety Entertainment.TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE, No. 201 Bowery.—
Grand Variety Entertainment, Ac. Matinee at 2.SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS, corner 25th st. and
Broadway.—Entertainment Minstrelsy, Ac. Matinee at 2.STEINWAY HALL, Fourteenth street.—Oratorio
of the Messiah.TERRACE GARDEN THEATRE, 5th st., between Lex-
ington and 3d avs.—Magical Representations. Matinee.DR. KAHN'S MUSEUM, No. 742 Broadway.—Art and
Science.NEW YORK MUSEUM OF ANATOMY, 618 Broadway.—
Science and Art.

WITH SUPPLEMENT.

New York, Wednesday, Dec. 25, 1872.

THE NEWS OF YESTERDAY.

To-Day's Contents of the Herald.

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CONTINUED: QUASHING TAMMANY RING
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ENDORSED—THE INDIAN WAR—REAL
ESTATE—SECOND PAGE.A FRIGHTFUL RAILROAD CATASTROPHE hap-
pened yesterday afternoon to the mail train
going North on the Buffalo, Corry and Pitts-
burg Railroad. Nineteen lives are already
known to have been lost, and at least thirty-
five persons are badly wounded. The train
was slowed down in approaching Prospect sta-
tion. In crossing a trestle bridge, within
eighty rods of the latter place, a broken rail
threw the cars off the track. They crashed
through the woodwork and were precipitated
nearly thirty feet. The engine, strange to say,
got safely over the bridge. The cars when
fallen and overturned took fire, adding the
torments of flame to those caused the unfor-
tunate inmates by the shock and the fall.THE SECOND DAY'S EXAMINATION AT THE
STOKES TRIAL, which took place yesterday, was
without any novelty. The witnesses were all
for the prosecution, and all appeared on the
first trial. The public interest in the case
seems to be reserved for the line of defence.

Christmas—Past, Present and to Come.

Kris Kringle is the Jupiter of juveniles. He dwells in an inaccessible Olympus and spends his jolly eternity in the invention of toys and the preparation of gift books. He is more trustworthy than the fairy godmother and less capricious than the fantastic-mooded sprites that haunt the lonely glen. He is the authentic patron and abettor of all the favorite characters of youthful fiction. He it was who gave Fortunatus his cap and Jack the Giant Killer his seven-league boots; who provided Cinderella with slippers of glass and foiled the relentlessness of Bluebeard. To him we ascribe the realization of all the fictions which enchanted us in the nursery and charmed us long after we had left it. Bopeep's sheep and the wolf that ate Red Riding Hood were not less actual to us than Kris Kringle's reindeer, and when we wept over the children in the wood we were glad to think that no leaf with which the birds sought to cover them could have come from a Christmas tree. King Cole and he are brothers. Kris Kringle wrote the "Arabian Nights." He is the genuine author of "Robinson Crusoe." None but he could have given birth to "Sandford and Merton." "The Children of the Abbey" came from his prolific pen, and there is even a suspicion that the "Moral Tales" of Maria Edgeworth emanated from the same quarter. There is a Kris Kringle streak in Peter Parley and Mrs. Barbold. Many years ago he wrote those "Songs for Infant Minds," which popular tradition has ignorantly ascribed to Dr. Watts. The amusing author of "How to Be a Man," "How to Be a Woman," "How to Feel," "How to Think" and other harmless, self-educational treatises, is only Kris Kringle in disguise. This children's god invented the velocipede and educed from it the bicycle through processes of evolution which Darwin himself might admire. To him humanity is indebted for the jewsharp, the child's drum and the penny whistle. The Fourth of July is merely Christmas in midsummer—a sort of "let up" which the old man is obliged to give himself in order to preserve his festive balance. He devised the shooting cracker and the "snake," and other blessings to civilization. In the Fourth of July orator we discern Kris Kringle beneath the motley livery of politics. Thanks-giving Day is but a preliminary snack with which this great gourmand of merriment whets his anniversary appetite. And when the twelvemonth has rolled past, and time has cast the cuticle of the year as a serpent's skin and the golden stars glow with yellow fire against the frosty blackness in which they are set, our children sit on Christmas Eve, with finger on lip and listening head, straining after the crack of his whip and the jingle of his bells, as his bounding reindeer paw the crisp and snow-flaked air.

Let us take another view of the subject. We are told that we cannot serve God and Mammon; that we cannot make secularism and sanctity coincide. Surely the history of the world does not offer a more picturesque and epigrammatic refutation of this doctrine than is to be found in the celebrations during Christmas time. Upon a religious basis, broader and firmer than mankind had previously known, we build a prodigious edifice of mirth and laughter. Christ was born in a manger, and so we kill and eat the stalled ox that fed beside Him. The illuminated Christmas tree calls up no image of the radiant altar, and the Cross and Passion are forgotten beneath mistletoe boughs and the holly's crimson berry. Charades and forfeits are superimposed upon the agony and bloody sweat, and, while we merrily feast among friends, we forget the fast in the wilderness. The very occasion of the day is ignored in that day's festivities. Centuries ago pleasure began to break the religious shell in which Christmas encased it. People had more sympathy with carols than with masses, and prayers dwindled, by a descending spiral, into dramatic mysteries and moralities. The songs of the Judean shepherds became transfigured into carols, sang from door to door by minstrels who had often taken more than was good for them, and religious realism demanded an objective representation of the Virgin and St. Joseph, the Christ-child and the cradle, amid a procession of bulls' heads, cherubs and eastern magi. Later, the midnight worshippers in France and England required a handsome collation, named a *réveillon*, to sustain them under the pious burden of the masses said at dead midnight. This concession probably opened the way for the Feasts of Fools and Asses, which, in some form or other, spread all over Europe, lasted for some centuries, and would have reached this country had they not been sanctoriously repressed by the Puritans. The history of Christmas seems to be the history of the effort made by humanity to shake off pain and sorrow, and make actual, if only for a few hours or days, that happiness which is the ideal of us all. But certainly the antithesis between the primitive significance of the day and the secondary character it has acquired will strike all who reflect upon it. Looking back for one hundred years, what means this holocaust of capons, hens, turkeys, geese, ducks, beef, mutton, pork, pies, puddings, nuts, plums and sweetmeats; what signify the music and dancing, the conjuring and the riddles, the forfeits and laughter and repartee; what portend the hot cockles and foot-plough, the snap-dragon and wassail-bowl, the yule log and the souse'd boar's head, the evergreen and the mistletoe, but that in simpleminded enjoyment mankind is striving to forget the sin and misery which wove for Christ the crown of thorns? We hide that crown from sight beneath a nosegay from the hot-house, and are willing to forget the "It is finished" with the grace that is said over our roast beef and plum pudding.

Some thoughts are due to the Christmas of the Future, for we may feel pretty certain that in time our frosty-bearded friend will pass away and silently take his place among the well-used and exhausted institutions of mankind. With the change that comes over the popular religion the aspect of Kris Kringle will change too. Possibly another generation shall see him arrive at the lean and slipped pantaloons. The only pantaloons he now wears with is that which accompanies harlequin. If it be true that in Auguste Comte is to be found the religion of advancing centuries we must prepare to bid a gradual goodby to turkey and mince pie as distinctively emblematic of the Christmas season. Positive philosophy will lay our tablecloths and cold

abstraction order our bills of fare. The Religion of Humanity—which in our present callow stage seems so much like that of Inhumanity—will wean us from the selfishness of inordinate appetites and sensual yearnings. Our only refuge is to hope that we shall be as inconsistent then as we now are; that animalism will prove too much for us, and that in obedience to its dictates we shall continue to make a holiday out of what was originally a holy day. A year without a Christmas is like a cage without a canary and a canary without a song. It is good that our immured civilization should occasionally hop and sing. We are afraid to think what the condition of the world will be when the bells of Trinity no longer give forth their Christmas chimes and a multitudinous tongue into the mouth of moribund December—when the Post Office is finished and the East River Bridge is built, and the underground railroad completed, and the earth is riddled with pneumatic tunnels, and Tennyson's navies grapple in the central blue, and not a drop of oil is needed to Christendom's smooth, ubiquitous machinery. The astronomer who watches worlds grow into being and other worlds expire may be pardoned for anticipating the hour when this revolving atom upon which the human tragedy enacts itself shall perform its last gyration and then drop forever, unregarded, out of sight. But the average man does not look, and does not care to look, through a physical or mental telescope. He believes in the personality of Christmas, and we have not the slightest desire to rob him of so pleasant a solace. Tradition avers that during a hurricane in Raleigh, England, an old church was engulfed by an immense mound of *débris*; but during every Christmas-tide the villager who treads the desolated spot hears, with reverent fear, the church bells ringing fathoms beneath him, faint as the horns of elf-land and plaintive as an infant's wail. This is the kind of music Christmas makes in the popular heart. Bury it as we will beneath mounds of practicality and shrewdness, you are sure to hear the bells ring if you listen for them. And so we welcome Christmas, confident that it will be celebrated with all the old fervor wherever the English language is spoken and the New York Herald is read.

The Syndicate Job.

The Committee of Ways and Means have had Mr. Boutwell fairly before them in an exhaustive investigation of his operations in placing one hundred and thirty million dollars of the new loan in connection with the famous Syndicate. The general features of the story have been already developed and are pretty well known to the public, but derive new interest from their fresh and detailed narration by the Secretary of the Treasury, under the pressure of the committee's inquiry as given elsewhere in our columns.

Mr. Boutwell adheres to his assertion that he could not avoid the payment of eleven per cent interest on the one hundred and thirty million dollars during the three months that this amount of the debt was undergoing transition from six per cent into five per cent bonds. The new bonds, he testifies, were paid for with certificates of deposit which bore no interest, but were secured by pledge of six per cent and other bonds pending the expiration of the ninety days allowed for the return of the bonds called in for refunding. Here lies the kernel of this very big financial nut, which the Syndicate cracked to their great profit. Mr. Boutwell protests his inability to have done otherwise than he did.

But why, we will ask, did he not hold the new five per cents themselves as collateral for the subscriptions to the new loan? The process would have been much simpler and certainly more secure, for, as the Secretary says in his testimony, he was at one time greatly apprehensive as to who should bear the loss should there have been any hitch in the Syndicate operation, which by sheer good luck there was not. By holding the new bonds and deducting the interest on them until the subscribers redeemed their certificates of deposit with coin or with the called six per cents, the Secretary of the Treasury would have negotiated the one hundred and thirty million dollars without the loss of the one and one-quarter per cent interest thereupon that went to the Syndicate. It is useless to plead that this one and one-quarter per cent was a necessary outlay. Had this commission or allowance been given as an inducement to the subscribers to the new loan the plan would have some weight. But every cent of it went to the Syndicate. The subscribers paid the full rate for the bonds, just as if they had dealt directly with the government.

The question suggests itself, then, Why can not the remainder of the loan be negotiated without the intervention of the Syndicate and without the repetition of the jobbery of last year?

THAT COLD ATMOSPHERIC TIDAL WAVE—THE HERALD'S PREDICTION FULFILLED.—On the 20th instant, in an editorial on the subject, we gave notice of the approach of a great wave of freezing Arctic air from the North-west—that this wave had passed the Rocky Mountains and was spreading itself over our Northwestern States this side and along the great lakes, and that it would descend upon the Atlantic coast in intensely rigorous and frosty weather for two or three days. And since Sunday morning last from the Northern Mississippi eastward to the seaboard this cold atmospheric wave from the snows of the Rocky Mountains has given us a wintry touch of Dakota. Our editorial prediction was specific and minute, giving in detail the movements and the causes of this current of Arctic air, and the fulfillment is as complete as that of a scientifically predicted eclipse of the sun or the moon. Such are the advances made by men of science, with the assistance of the electric telegraph in discovering the laws of the fluctuations of heat and cold and winds and storms.

THE IRISH-ANDERSON TRIAL, which has occupied the attention of the public for some time, was practically concluded yesterday. At half-past two o'clock the jury had heard the summing up of the District Attorney and the charge of the learned Judge, and retired to consider their verdict. Up to the hour of our going to press the result of their deliberation was unannounced.

SIXTY LOCOMOTIVES FROZEN UP in Indiana will attest the severity in that quarter of this tidal wave of freezing air from the Arctic regions, the approach of which we announced five days ago.

Fires in New York and Elsewhere—The Corrugated Iron-Coated Timber Boxes.

The number of fires all over the country within the last two days would indicate something cyclonic in the era of conflagrations. The fire yesterday evening in Centre street, which it is yet feared has caused a sacrifice of life, is only one of a series which have occurred in the city within the past twenty-four hours. Barnum's museum, menagerie and circus on Fourteenth street, which succeeded yesterday morning not only in burning itself but the buildings on either side of it, is the very latest example of the criminal folly of permitting the erection of corrugated iron structures in cities like New York or Brooklyn. After the Boston fire Mansard roofs were anathema, because they were generally wooden timber boxes perched invitingly six stories high. The corrugated iron shells are, when touched with a spark, simply blast furnaces for self-destruction and the burning of buildings in their vicinity. On Sunday morning it was appropriately a church that was consumed; yesterday morning it was a circus; four months ago it was a slaughterhouse. The association of ideas may not be pleasant, but extremes will meet in such cases. Now, whether church, circus or slaughter-pen, the argument against this class of buildings, which has no advantage that the public is bound to respect, is the same. Human lives are more valuable than property, whether in few rents, circus seats, sales or executions of beasts for food at so much a head. Alimination for the spirit, the emotions or the body can, we are inclined to believe, be furnished without taking such large risks in favor of a general conflagration. This age is rightly called one of luxury and sumptuousness. One of its most crying evils is that this penchant for the magnificent leads many weak heads to the arena of cheap imitations. It may be imitation emeralds in a lady's jewelry or imitation diamonds in a politician's shirt-front. The budding dandy may not think it proper to wait for a real gold chain, so he hastens to adorn his vest with an imitation. The eloquent divine and the enterprising circus man cannot wait a season to erect substantial edifices, so they rush into showiness and corrugated iron lest the public should lose a sermon or a show. Custom, with its slavishness, rather applauds this bad taste, as fashion makes outrageous lines and substances in ladies' dresses and trusses tolerable. Only when it impinges on the public safety can this passion for cheap imitation be met. It would, perhaps, be unparalleled to ask a clergyman or a showman to gauge the precise length of time which the public might wait without detriment for a dedication sermon or a grand opening. The only limitation to be made in either case may be based upon the idea that it would be better to wait till Doomsday than drink in either the service or the performance in wooden fire cages built in the heart of a crowded city, with red hot furnaces under the flooring. Better trudge to a pair of canvas tents in the wilds of Harlem, where the peroration or the lofty tumbling might securely work their way into our souls or sensations, than battle with either in New York, within a corrugated trap. If the evil was ended with the destruction of Mr. Talmage's Tabernacle and Mr. Barnum's circus we might have some consolation. Such, however is not the case. The Rev. Mr. Hepworth, who, since his departure from the stone church of the Messiah, has been ministering Congregationalist consolation at Steinway Hall, is now hastening the construction of a corrugated church near the Union depot at Forty-second street. This is not being done with a view to ultimately burning down Vanderbilt's depot, as might at first be supposed, but simply to have as quickly and cheaply as possible a church of his own to preach in. We would respectfully call back Mr. Hepworth from an ecstatic valuation of the good his sermons will achieve in the souls of uptown sinners and ask him to minister yet a little longer in some substantial edifice anywhere while a new, if more costly, design is being put into brick or stone. As for the showman, we have little hope that a simple appeal would prevent him from preparing "with indomitable energy" to be burned out a fourth time—lions, yaks, giraffes and all. If the appeal is useless in both cases we must sternly turn to whatever law can do to call them to themselves. Here, unfortunately, the outlook is not very encouraging, either.

In the Herald of Sunday last an article appeared entitled "Blunders in Buildings." It consisted of a series of interviews with persons whose responsibility and experience in the matter of pronouncing upon what is safe or unsafe in buildings. The first of these persons was Mr. Macgregor, Superintendent of Buildings, whose duty it is to pass upon the manner of construction or materials used in the erection, alteration or repair of any building in the city of New York. It was a melancholy interview. On the subject of corrugated iron buildings—that is, wooden structures, papered, as it were, with iron—he confessed that he disapproved them. In defence of his allowing such buildings to go up in New York, he could only say:—"Yes; but those are considered by the insurance men to be perfectly safe. And what a terrible opposition I should meet with if I should suddenly begin to fight the architects and owners of these structures!" This is melancholy, if, indeed, the shattered feelings resulting from this "terrible opposition" are the only injuries he would sustain by doing his duty. The opinion of Mr. Kingsland, Surveyor of the Underwriters' Association, was much more pronounced on the matter. Mr. Macgregor did not allude to the difference in rates at which these buildings were insured, and we know very well that fire insurance companies will take risks on almost anything in the shape of a building, if the owners only pay the necessary premium. The first part of Mr. Macgregor's defence, therefore, counts for nothing. On the buildings of the objectionable kind in the city Mr. Kingsland said:—"I know only two or three. There is Hepworth's new church at the corner of Forty-fifth street and Lexington avenue, which is partly of brick, partly of wood and partly of iron. The interior of the front wall is built of brick, while the other walls are framed with wooden timbers. All the walls are finished with plates of corrugated iron, both on the outside and inside. The building at Centre street, however, is only sheathed with iron on the exterior, the timbers of the frame being bare inside. This style of architecture is being used in the greatest extent in the erection of churches. In Brooklyn Dr. Scudder's 'iron temple,' as it is called, is an example, and also Talmage's Taberna-

cle. The former is nothing more than a slight frame covered with corrugated sheets of metal. "In the case of a fire, what chance do you think there would be for these structures to withstand the flames?" "Very little chance, indeed. The heat would be communicated immediately to the wood, and the walls would go. If there was a fire on the opposite side of a street, to that upon which one of these buildings stood, the flames, when they became to any degree intense, would heat the iron plates until they were red, and then the wood would ignite and burn."

"Do you remember any instance in which a building of this character has been consumed by fire?" "I do. There was one not more than four months ago—a large slaughter house at the corner of First and Forty-fifth streets. It went like a kindling wood box covered with tin. The plates of iron curled up and cracked off on both sides and the walls vanished like magic. That is just the way I expect these big churches in Brooklyn and that of Hepworth also will go."

The Louisiana Usurpation—The Two Boards of State Canvassers.

The people of Louisiana, through their committee at Washington, have shown that the removal of the Secretary of State, Herron, and the appointment of Colonel Wharton was the commencement of the troubles which led to the overthrow of the State government. They assert that while Herron was removed on charges previously preferred against him the action of Governor Warmoth at that particular moment was induced by the discovery that Herron and Lynch, the two officers remaining in the Board of Canvassers with the Governor and then forming the majority, had entered into a conspiracy to override the returns of the election officers, and, by rejecting certain fusion districts on the pretence of irregularities, to declare the republican candidate for Governor and a majority of republican Senators and Representatives elected. This statement receives corroboration from many circumstances. All the republican papers for some time conceded the election of the fusion candidates for State officers in Louisiana and of a majority of fusionists in the Legislature. The republican organ in this city, in a New Orleans despatch as late as November 17, gave the following as the result:—

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 17, 1872.
The total vote of the parish of Orleans for President gives Grant 12,282; Greeley, 22,288; Greeley's net majority in the State, as far as heard from, 6,707, including returns, mostly official, from all but two parishes. Beauregard is elected Administrator of Improvements.

Suddenly a change came over the returns. All manner of frauds were said to have been committed by the fusionists, although the election had passed over without the slightest disturbance or a single arrest, notwithstanding the presence of a large and vigilant force of United States Deputy Marshals and Supervisors. Mysterious hints of a republican majority began to be thrown out. The Secretary of State was found to have procured a duplicate of the State seal—a precaution that would hardly have been taken had he not been engaged in some act hostile to the State, the discovery of which he feared might deprive him of his official position. There was every reason, therefore, to suspect that Herron and Lynch were engaged in such a conspiracy as was charged upon them, and their subsequent action confirmed the suspicion. Even if Herron had been illegally removed by Governor Warmoth he had no right to continue to act as Secretary of State until the State Courts had restored him to his official duties. He was himself holding under a same authority with Secretary Wharton. Bovee had been removed about a year previously by Governor Warmoth, and Herron had been appointed in his place. Bovee did not attempt to act as Secretary of State after his removal, but appealed to the Courts, and the suit to oust Herron and reinstate Bovee was pending at the time of Herron's removal by the Governor. Herron had no right whatever to act as a member of the Board of Canvassers after his removal, and his meeting with Lynch and their appointment of Longstreet and Hawkins had not a shadow of authority. On the other hand, even if Herron had been in a position to act legally as Secretary of State after his removal, it would still have been incompetent for the two members of the Board of Canvassers, Messrs. Herron and Lynch, to have met and filled vacancies without the presence of Governor Warmoth. They were not a quorum of the board and could not take any official action; consequently Messrs. Longstreet and Hawkins had no more right on the Canvassing Board than had Judge Durell and Marshal Packard.

The first step in Judge Durell's usurpation was the recognition of this bogus Board of State Canvassers, who stood pledged to count the republicans into office, and the enjoining of the Governor and his associates on the regular board. The legal position of the regular Canvassing Board is shown in the following official account of the proceedings on November 13, from the New Orleans papers of that date:—

"When the board met to-day Governor Warmoth, Acting Secretary of State Herron and Senator John Lynch being present, the Governor, after the reading of the minutes, presented the certificate of Auditor Graham to the effect that Secretary of State Herron being a defaulter he had been compelled by the constitution and the laws to suspend him from the exercise of his functions on charges which would be enumerated to the Senate. Accordingly Secretary of State Herron was requested to withdraw from the board, which he did. The Governor next presented the commission and evidence of his qualification for the office of Colonel J. Wharton, as the successor of General Herron. Colonel Wharton was in the ante-room, and on being sent for promptly appeared and took his seat in the board."

Governor Warmoth then proposed the name of F. H. Hatch as a substitute for Senator John Lynch being present, the Governor, after the reading of the minutes, presented the certificate of Auditor Graham to the effect that Secretary of State Herron being a defaulter he had been compelled by the constitution and the laws to suspend him from the exercise of his functions on charges which would be enumerated to the Senate. Accordingly Secretary of State Herron was requested to withdraw from the board, which he did. The Governor next presented the commission and evidence of his qualification for the office of Colonel J. Wharton, as the successor of General Herron. Colonel Wharton was in the ante-room, and on being sent for promptly appeared and took his seat in the board."

was not that of a partisan. The bogus Board, thus backed by a political Judge, gave the offices into the hands of the men who are at present usurping the power of the State of Louisiana. Without a single return from a district in the State; with nothing to guide its judgment or control its license, this pretended Board of State Canvassers has declared results, announced majorities and given bogus certificates of election to Kellogg, Antoine and the republican legislators. Meanwhile Attorney General Williams peremptorily announces the "belief" of the administration that the republicans received a majority of votes in the election, and tells the people of Louisiana that this belief settles the question of their State government beyond appeal, and the sooner they acquiesce in the decision of the authorities at Washington the better.

Dramatic Silk and Serge.

The reader for whom feminine costume behind the footlights has attraction will remember that some days ago a report reached this city from Paris to the effect that some of the more prominent actresses of the French capital had revolted and refused to dress with the extravagance which, under the Empire, had become a necessity. They boldly proclaimed their rights to pinchev and tinsel and flouted the imperial conventionalities which demanded of them real Honiton and genuine brilliants. It is easy to imagine the consternation that society and the managers would experience should our leading actresses, foremost as they are in adopting their fashions from Paris, take it into their heads to initiate this reform. When the knowing but sympathetic observer has seen his favorite leading lady appear in five different dresses in five consecutive acts, how has his bosom bled with the conviction that each costume was more than sufficient to devour the week's salary of the wearer! Is it possible that the opportunity for exercising this commiseration is no longer to exist? What if Clara Morris should set her face against gros grain and moiré antique and Fanny Davenport ignore crêpe de chène and Chambrey gauze? Suppose Agnes Ethel should bid farewell to point d'Alençon and Duchesse and Plessy Mordant abjure Mechlin and Valenciennes? Imagine Emma Germon writing a note to Mr. Wallace informing him that after January 1 no costumes with trains need be expected of her, and that dresses made à la Pompadour were not within the terms of her contract! Fancy Aimée asserting paste diamonds and cotton velvet as her glorious prerogative, and conceive Mrs. John Wood radiant and triumphant in paper muslin! These are spectacles from which the horrified eye diverts itself as from a sacrilege too impious to gaze upon; and surely the picture we have sketched is one of them. There are fools who fancy, because the three unities of time, place and action were once popular, that we ought to create another unity—that of dress. Such idiots insist that a Seebach in serge is infinitely better than Mlle. Sonatine in satin, and that stage toilets of imperial splendor ought to be expected only of actresses who "boss their own dry goods."

THE MASSACHUSETTS SENATORSHIP.—A great struggle is going on for the seat in the United States Senate made vacant by the election of Mr. Henry Wilson to the Vice Presidency. Dawes is pecking at it and Boutwell longs for it. The former had the inside track, but the Crédit Mobilier disclosures have seriously damaged his chances of success. The people do not relish the flavor of the Oakes Ames dish, and they do not wish that their next representative in the United States Senate shall be suspected of having had his spoon in it. Mr. Dawes is understood to have vowed a vow that if he is defeated Secretary Boutwell shall not be his successful competitor. Under these circumstances Dr. Loring appears on the scene as a candidate; but unfortunately the Doctor eat his soup at a dinner in honor of Brooks for the Summer canning a few years ago, and it now rises to plague him. After all, we venture a guess that if Secretary Boutwell really desires the prize he will succeed in carrying it off.

IN OUR CITY CHURCHES and in those of Brooklyn to-day, especially in the Protestant Episcopal and the Catholic churches, the celebration of the birth of the Saviour of mankind will be unusually imposing and impressive.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

General Sherman is still at the Astor House. Judge J. H. Bell, of Texas, is staying at the New York Hotel. Judge James P. Ord, of California, is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Mr. S. K. Dodge has been chosen President of the new Boston Press Club. Murat Halstead, of the Cincinnati Commercial, wants to be the next Governor of Ohio. Sir Michael Costa visited Bologna, Munich and Berlin on his way to England from Naples. Congressman Oakes Ames left the Fifth Avenue Hotel last evening for his home in Massachusetts. Right Rev. Bishop P. T. O'Reilly has arrived at his home in Springfield, Mass., from a European tour. Lord Spencer, in his capacity of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, has formally closed the Dublin Exhibition. Lord Lisgar, late Governor General of Canada, has left Dublin for his residence, Balleborough Castle, Chavan. Vice President elect Henry Wilson left the Astor House last evening to eat his Christmas dinner in the Bay State. E. H. Rollins, of New Hampshire, ex-Commissioner of Internal Revenue, arrived at the Fifth Avenue Hotel yesterday, but after a short stay left for home. Mrs. Mary Snyder resides in Leedsville, Pa. There is nothing very remarkable about this lady beyond the fact that she is 105 years old. Archbishop Bayley, of Baltimore, is too ill to receive visitors. His complaint is Bright's disease of the kidneys, from which no person was ever known to recover. President Grant was detained at Milford, Pa., by snow and ice yesterday morning. He telegraphed to Washington that he would probably arrive there late last night. In Naples the other day Captain Gordon, an English officer, fired a revolver at a young lady on the promenade of the Chiaia and then shot himself. Both died immediately. Governor Hoffman will not remain in Albany until the inauguration of General Dix. He will come to the city with his family on the 31st inst., and reside for a time at the Clarendon Hotel. A European tour of several years' duration is projected by the Governor for himself and family, and it will probably begin in January. Senator Corbett was a heavy loser by the fire at Portland, Oregon, on Monday, as in addition to the block of brick stores bearing his name he was the owner of the Oregonian newspaper, the materials of which were damaged by removal. Attorney General Williams was the owner of a house which was burned to the ground.